# THE PILGRIM

OF

# OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XI. YEAR. FEBRUARY, 1895. No. 2.

## NUNC DIMITTIS.

BY JOHN J. BRANIN.

SEE the Mother undefiled,
Bearing in her arms the Child,
Enter in the Holy Place,
She all pure and full of grace;
Comes she with her pious patron,
Comes as comes the Jewish matron
With her first-born infant son,
That the Law's command be done.

Lo! the gentle turtle doves
Offers she for Him she loves;
Offerings of the poor she tenders;
O, what praise to God she renders,
By abasement meek and lowly,
She whom angels hail as holy,
Free from blemish ere her birth,
Pride and honor of the earth!

Aged Simeon now appears,
Full of faith as full of years;
Seeth now the Lord's salvation,
Light to all the Gentile nation;
Seeth now true Israel's glory,
Speaks with prophet's word the story
Of the Cross and soldiers fierce,
Tells whose soul the sword shall pierce.

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Now Thou dost dismiss in peace
Him, O Lord, whose watchings cease;
Here my eyes are now beholding,
Here my arms are now enfolding
Him for whom my heart hath sighed,
Him for whom my soul hath cried;
Now my weary eyes may close,
Now in peace my soul repose.

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## OUR LADY OF LIGHT.

BY P. T. D.

OF the many tourists who visit the quaint old city of Santa Fé, New Mexico, very few, probably, have not wondered at the title of the Academy of Our Lady of Light.

Throughout the United States, there is no other convent or academy, I think, dedicated to God under this invocation. The name is happily chosen. The Sisters of Charity, like truly valiant women, guided by the venerable Archbishop Lamy, went forth in the "early days" into that region buried in the darkness of ignorance, to found a centre of education and virtue from which rays of enlightenment were to penetrate to the most remote districts of the then almost unknown Territory of New Mexico.

This interpretation, although in perfect accord with the aim of those heroines and with the results of their efforts, is somewhat fanciful, as will be discovered by the readers of this little sketch.

Let us go back to the first years of the eighteenth century. At that time, the island of Sicily presented a scene of wild confusion and disorder. Oppressed and irritated by foreign troops, embittered by political strifes and private brawls, terrorized by armed marauders and estranged from happy home-life, the Sicilians had so far given up the practice of their religion that the churches were unfrequented, the sacraments were neglected, and impiety and vice were enthroned in their stead. Bands of zealous missionaries travelled up and down the country, but their heroic exertions were fruitless. Often enough the only reward of their labors was a

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share in the contempt which was heaped upon religion and all things sacred.

Among the preachers in this desert of sin was a religious remarkable for zeal and fervor in the service of God, who was known to cherish a tender and filial devotion to our Blessed Lady. This religious was Father John Anthony Genovessi, of the Society of Jesus. Filled with sorrow at the utter fruitlessness of the labors of the missionaries, he felt moved to call upon his Heavenly Mother for some new means to touch the hardened hearts of the Sicilians, and to ensure the success of his plan of operation, he sought the co-operation of a holy nun who had already been the recipient of many celestial favors.

One day while this good nun was recommending the project to our Lady's loving care, she was rapt in spirit and beheld herself in the presence of the Refuge of Sinners. The Blessed Virgin appeared, with a look of ineffable tenderness upon her countenance, amid brilliant rays of heavenly light, and attended by a throng of heavenly spirits, two of whom held a gorgeous diadem above her head. On her left arm, she supported the Divine Child who was reaching out His little hands toward a basket of flaming hearts, presented to Him by an angel. With her right hand, she was snatching a youth from the gaping maw of a hideous dragon.

"Daughter," she said, "heed well what thou seest and have it reproduced by the painter's art; the picture shall be called 'Holy Mother of Light'; the abundant and extraordinary graces that I shall bestow under this invocation shall be the proof and earnest that thy prayers are heard." The vision then disappeared.

Father Genovessi accepted without hesitation the saintly nun's relation of the apparition and forthwith set about the execution of the commission. The artist whom he chose was a painter of no mean ability and, what was much more to the purpose, was a man of virtuous and edifying life. But when the picture was finished, the nun was not satisfied. As work of art it might pass, but it was not Our Lady of Light.

The artist, therefore, having prepared a new canvas, betook himself to the convent. The nun, who was favored

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once more with that heavenly vision, directed the movements of the painter's willing brush. Praying for guidance as he worked, and hearkening to the nun's description of the vision as it there and then appeared to her, the artist at last reproduced, according to the measure of human skill, the apparition of Our Lady of Light.

The result was in keeping with Mary's promise. Armed with this new weapon, Father Genovessi began with renewed courage, his missionary work, which was thenceforth as fruitful in conversions as it had before been in trials and sufferings. The picture of Our Lady of Light was the constant companion of his missionary labors, until he was called hence to see our Blessed Lady in the light of heaven, which "hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

But what is the further history of the heaven-given picture?

A railway journey of two days from El Paso, Texas, into the heart of Mexico brings us to Leon, the metropolis of the State of Guanajuato and the chief manufacturing city of Mexico. Stopping at the Hotel de Diligencias, we inscribe our names with a lump of chalk on a large painted board, and, having thus duly registered, we are shown to commodious rooms on the ground floor. We next admire the great courtyard with its wealth of oleanders, cactus, and other shrubs and plants. After our evening meal, we retire to recruit our strength for the next day's pilgrimage.

On the morrow, after a breakfast of delicious Mexican chocolate, we are ready to begin our sight-seeing. Did time permit, we could inspect the manufacture of gold and silver braid and filigree work, for which the city is so famous, but we are bent on another errand, and turn our steps toward the old and impressive Cathedral. The canons are chanting Tierce. We listen with something akin to awe to the solemn tones of the public Office of Holy Church, and tarry with devout attention until the last note dies away. We approach the high altar. At the very summit of the reredos two cherubim hold a golden crown over a small picture. It is the picture of Our Lady of Light! The

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painting that gladdened the eyes of Father Genovessi and moved to repentance so many sin-hardened hearts in distant Sicily is in this niche of the Cathedral of Leon. After his death it was given, in 1732, to the Jesuit church of Leon, which, after the suppression of the Society of Jesus, became a cathedral church.

The good citizens of Leon, who are very devout to our Lady of Light, relate many favors granted by her both to the community at large and to individuals. The history of Mexico since its separation from Spain has been a stormy one. While contending factions struggled for supremacy, much misery was inflicted upon the suffering people who took no part in the hostilities. Scenes of pillage and death form the history of almost every city. Leon has escaped the calamities which have fallen with such untold violence upon unoffending citizens. In 1857, when all Mexico was torn by intestine strife, so great was the tranquillity that reigned in Leon that honored citizens from other states, and notably from Jalisco, flocked thither in such numbers that it was called the "City of Refuge."

But the favor that particularly confirmed the people of Leon in their devotion to Our Lady of Light was the deliverance of the city from the cholera in 1850. When the epidemic first reached the city the people were paralyzed with terror; but the parish priest of the Church of Our Lady of the Angels urged them to place their confidence in Our Lady of Light, and vowed a triduum of thanksgiving for the feast of her Assumption, in perpetuity, if she would come to the relief of the terrified people. On the 14th of August every vestige of the cholera disappeared. The memory of the grace is perpetuated by a votive tablet in the church.

Copies of the holy picture are objects of devotion throughout Mexico, and many a little maiden is named "Luz" (light), in honor of Our Lady of Light.

Such is the origin of one of our Blessed Mother's titles, and such is the history of a picture of her predilection. Happy people of Leon who possess this pledge of Mary's love! Happy we if the filial trust of others awakens us to more fervent charity and to more unshaken confidence!

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# THE CONFRATERNITIES.

## THE BONA MORS.

THE Bona Mors Association is not for men only, but for women as well, and for young people as well as for old. It is strange how the purposes of pious confraternities may be misunderstood, and their Directors have to contend constantly against certain prejudices which arise against them, simply because people get the notion that they are intended for a certain class. A good death is the most precious grace we can pray for, and no one knows the day nor the hour when it should be his particular intention.

And now even such a strictly Catholic confraternity as the Bona Mors is becoming known and acceptable to a sect that will style itself Catholic, although its legal name Episcopalian, indicates the very thing it has forfeited, a hierarchy in union with the See of Peter. Not content with adopting the outward form of our rites they must imitate our pious societies. It is well worth praying for that they should all in good faith submit mind and heart to Him who alone can give them a good death and Who has promised it only to those who aceept His sacred teaching.

## THE SODALITY.

Among the good works recommended to the members of the Sodality, to be practised at all times, are the works of mercy; and there are innumerable ways in which these may be wrought. There is often no want of good will and true charity; but there are some fields in which practical charity lacks organization among us. Attention was called to this, with very satisfactory results, by the Moderator of the Xavier Alumni Sodality of New York. A charitable person had brought to his notice the fact that many young Catholic boys are lingering in the prisons of the city, as no one has taken interest in having their cases brought up and counsel secured for them. It appears, as the *X. A. S. Bulletin* states, that non-Catholic organizations take good care of their own, being well supplied with means to do so. The fact was brought to the attention of the legal members of the Sodality, and they have already volunteered their



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services for such cases. No doubt the Sodality will thus save many a poor, unfortunate, but deserving boy from shame and danger.

A similar announcement is found also in the Second Annual Report of the well organized and active Centre of the League, attached to St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. It has many committees to attend to all kinds of cases of need. The "Legal Protection Committee for the Oppressed Poor" reports, during the past year, some families saved from ruin, many cases of oppression and fraud detected. Eight well known gentlemen of the bar have offered their legal services, free of charge, to right these wrongs.

These are hints of the way in which Catholic bodies might organize themselves for works of charity that would spread the sweet odor of Christian charity and the good name of our Confraternities far and wide, whilst it would draw many a rescued soul into the way of salvation and closer union with God.

### CHOIR-BOYS OF YORE.

The choristers of our days sometimes complain of the hard work expected of them. It might surprise them to learn the duties of choir-boys in olden days.

In primitive times choristers were admitted to an order of *Cantores* or *Psalmistæ*, and thus in a most real way were set apart for the chanting of the daily service. Moreover the time came when this office was no longer bestowed, either apart from, or in connection with, the tonsure and the minor orders. The mediæval choir-boys had much in common, therefore, with the canonical singers of the early Church. They were, by excellence, the children of the Church.

Apart from the choir-stall and school-bench, they had no duties if we except the little services they rendered their masters, the Canons and Vicars of Cathedral and Collegiate Churches. The true home of church music formerly was the Benedictine Cloister.

The duties of the monastic choir-boy were numerous and heavy. Attendance at the full Office of the Church, including the rising at midnight for Matins and Lauds, is in itself no slight task; but when we call to mind the many extra

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offices and devotions of those times, such as the Seven Penitential Psalms and Litanies, the frequent chanting of the Office for the Dead, and, in some places, at least, the Office of Our Lady in addition to that of the day, we are compelled to admit that the youngster of the middle ages must have been made of sterner stuff than his modern representative.

The schoolboy-chorister, in that well-known passage from the *Dialogues of Aelfric*, runs glibly enough through the choral and scholastic duties of the day; he is entirely silent on the subject of recreation, though it must certainly have been granted to him. "To-day," he says, "I have done many things. This night when I heard the bell, I arose from my bed and went to the church, and sang the night-song with the brethren; after that we sang the service of all Saints, and the morning Lauds; then followed Prime, and the Seven Psalms, and the Litanies, and the first Mass; then Tierce, and the Mass of the day (a High Mass be it remembered); then Sext; *and then we ate and drank*, and went to sleep, and rose again and sang None; and now we are here before thee, ready to hear what thou hast to say to us." That is, the boy had had some nine or ten hours of choral work, dinner at eleven or thereabouts, an hour's sleep, and then—afternoon schools! Following these duties would be Vespers and Compline, supper and an exceedingly "early bed." The play-time was not excessive, yet there is plenty of evidence that these pious lads had many a merry hour, and enjoyed the delights of many a "good day" with nineteenth century heartiness.

Rising to night-song was doubtless, the bugbear of the choir-boy. "Sometimes," says the child whose words we have just quoted, "I hear the bell, and rise myself; but sametimes the master arouseth me with his rod. Yet there are legends of devoted little boys who sometimes rose before their master, lighted the candles, tolled the bells, and waited patiently on their knees in the chill choir until the monks assembled for Office. The modern boy would probably condemn this as priggishness or else console himself with the reflection that "after all it was a long time ago, and probably not true."

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But if the night Office itself was a long and trying task—though we have no evidence to show that the early English chorister found it lengthy or wearisome—how would the modern choir-boys relish spending a whole night in a chapel, sitting on their knees in stalls, or seats, on either side of a corpse and reciting the one hundred and fifty Psalms of David until eight in the morning. Then began the *Dirge* or Office of the Dead. Next came the Mass. Everything had to be learned by heart for books were rare. In a great monastery where there were three hundred monks and one hundred boys, the number of psalters was exactly *seven!*

How would our boy-singers of to-day relish the duties we have described? In contrast to them how light and easy are the demands made upon voice, patience and power of endurance.—From *The Month* for December.

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## MY CRUCIFIX.

BY REV. C.W. B.

I WAS once peering, now many years ago, through the window of an old curiosity shop somewhere in the purlieus of the Haymarket, London, when my eye rested on a little battered and discolored Crucifix. I stepped into the shop to examine it. On first inspection, it appeared to be a nearly flat sheet of metal rather jagged at the edges, with the figure of Christ in slight relief; but, on looking more closely, I perceived that it had once served as a reliquary; for there was a small screw at the base, evidently used to fasten down the lid, and on the back of the cross an unmistakable hinge, though neither screw nor hinge was any longer movable, the whole machinery having been quite flattened by some sharp blow.

Having satisfied myself on this point, I bought the crucifix, and took it off at once to a first-rate silversmith, who in a few days returned it to me handsomely polished and restored to its original shape. It then appeared to be very beautifully engraved, the INRI upon the scroll being in letters of the early 13th century; and, small as they were, a delicate thread of tracery, as is usual in alphabets of that period, ran along

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the outline of each letter, save that in the last I—it suddenly stopped short midway.

I now felt really proud of my treasure and happy in its possession; and that night before going to sleep I kissed it and put it under my pillow.

Dreams are for the most part foolish things; but I claim an exception for the one I am about to narrate.

I had thought a good deal that day of my crucifix, it was the last thing I looked on before I fell asleep, and my dreams that night seemed somehow or other to weave out for me the history of my crucifix.

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## My Dream.

I saw an aged monk bending over his work. What is he doing? Engraving the scroll of a small crucifix. Tools and fragments of metal lie here and there around him. His look is fixed and earnest; his lips are moving in prayer; it is clear that he knows well how to do an insignificant action with great love. Now and again he pauses to kiss the image in his hands. See! it is all but finished. The very last line of tracery is begun, when the monastery bell tolls out for prayer. The old man crosses himself, lays down his work, draws the cowl over his thin face and goes his way.

This then, thought I, explains the unfinished letter. The monk never returned to his work, or, if so, thought he had completed it; and that stroke, interrupted at the call of obedience, was never finished.

* * * * * *

Through the west windows of a cathedral church, in many-colored glory, streams the setting sun. I saw another monk, but not in his quiet cell. He is preaching to a vast and silent multitude. Aloft in his left hand he holds a cross, and with his right points eastward. "The Sepulchre of the Lord," he cries, "is in the hands of infidels. That sacred earth whereon He trod and shed His saving blood is trampled beneath the feet of His enemies. Save, oh, save the Holy Sepulchre!" And, like a huge wave, the words roll back upon him from the great human sea at his feet:—"Save the Holy Sepulchre!"

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Then he goes down and stands before the altar, and young and old press forward to receive the cross at his hands.

Now they pour through the massy portals out into the market-place. The battalions are already forming for the march; and one young warrior I mark, with sword on side and the red cross on his shoulder, comforting a weeping maid; but she weeps on. Then, pressing his lips upon her cold brow, he takes a silver reliquary from his bosom, throws its chain about her neck and springs forward to join his company.

* * * * * *

A white-haired father and his three sons are standing with hands bound beneath the gallows-tree. The ropes are adjusted, and they kneel together for the last time in prayer; for there is no priest to shrive them. Yet they have not the look of criminals. Who can they be? What are they to die for?

"We die"—it is that aged sire who speaks—"We die, thank God! for the olden Church. Rebels we are, if you will; for we joined the Pilgrimage of Grace, and fought to win back the Faith of our fathers, whereof our kings have robbed us. Pity us not. We are not afraid to die."

Then a bystander, at his request, takes from the old man's neck a silver cross, with a promise to convey it to his youngest boy, and bid him be leal and true to the ancient Faith, though for its sake he too should die the death of a felon.

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A charge of horsemen and the clash of arms! Gay cavaliers, with lace and velvet scarce hidden under the well burnished breastplate, and at their head a prince of men.

On, on they go, full on that dark wall of steel before them. A murderous volley crashes forth from a thousand matchlocks. Saddles are emptied and horses fly riderless from the field. Still onward they charge, that gallant troop of men, but the dark wall neither stirs nor trembles, for it is made, not of stone, but of something harder still, the sturdy and invincible Ironsides of Cromwell.

Now hand to hand they close, hacking and stabbing and pistolling each other, asking no quarter and giving none. And there is the gallant leader, three chargers' lengths ahead

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of his bravest followers, hemmed in on every side by those fierce bigots.

In the heat of the scuffle a little silver crucifix, which he wears about his neck, escapes from its concealment and falls over his armor. He is a Catholic, as so many were who fought in those days for King Charles. Indeed it stands recorded, not in my dream only, but in the sober pages of history, that out of five hundred noblemen and gentlemen who lost their lives in the king's quarrel, no fewer than a hundred and ninety-four belonged to the ancient faith, and that—think well on it—after a hundred years and more of bitterest persecution.

The hated emblem does not escape notice, and with redoubled fury the Puritans set upon its wearer. "A Papist!" they shout; "Down with the son of Belial! Spare him not, the accursed limb of Satan!" A dozen pistols are levelled, not so much at him as at the image of the Saviour, and the brave knight falls, true in death, as in life, to his King and his God.

Heaven rest his soul! But the precious crucifix, hammered by bullet-blows upon the steel corslet that covered in vain that gallant heart, is mine.

Such was my dream, and I need hardly say that it made my crucifix more dear to me than ever.

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## AN OFFERING.

To Thee, sweet Heart of Christ, I give my all,
Do Thou but help me ere I chance to fall;
Shed but a drop of Thy most precious blood
Upon my soul, and then full well I know
Though it be scarlet from my sins, Thy flood
Of grace will make it white as driven snow!
Then speak to me, O Christ, my footsteps keep,
For thickening shadows o'er my pathway creep.

J. E. M. RALEY.

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The Rev. Joseph Loyzance, of the Society of Jesus, the founder of THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, reached the fiftieth year of his priesthood St. Thomas' day, December 21, 1894. Such an event is usually celebrated very solemnly by the friends of the fortunate Jubilarian, and the life of Father Loyzance had more titles to such a celebration than mere length of days. Twice Rector of the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York, Superior of St. Joseph's, Troy, and of the House of Retreats at Keyser Island, he has always displayed so much zeal and capability in the management of affairs that even when not actually in office his counsel and assistance have been sought so frequently as to keep him a very busy man the greater part of these fifty years. Still, nothing could induce him to permit a celebration of his Jubilee. To avoid any, he kept secret the anniversary of his ordination until it was too late to celebrate it worthily, and went into Retreat soon after his secret became known to his religious brethren.

The beatification of the Auriesville Martyrs, and the erection of a temple in that holy place in honor of their Queen, Our Lady of Martyrs is one of the crowning efforts of a life full of holy and lofty purposes. The study of the lives of Father Jogues and René Goupil, the identification of the site of their captivity and martyrdom, the founding of THE PILGRIM, the enthusiastic and widespread interest manifested in our pilgrimages, and the infusion of his own spirit of zeal for the honor of these martyrs into the hearts



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of those who are striving to perpetuate his designs, are some of Father Loyzance's titles to the gratitude of the friends of Auriesville. At no other time could this gratitude be more fittingly manifested, and we call on all the clients of the Shrine to pray for his intentions. Some of his friends have determined, as a memorial of this Jubilee, to found some scholarships for St. Peter's College, Jersey City, in which college he is now stationed, and already two have been given. Should any of our readers wish to contribute to these scholarships, we shall be happy to put them in communication with the reverend religious.

It is a pleasure to announce that early in spring several hundied trees will be planted on the property about the Shrine. Great care will be taken in selecting and in placing the various trees so as to make them add to the comfort as well as to the beauty of the Shrine grounds. Several cures through the intercession of the Martyrs, have been reported to us since our last issue, but for want of space we must reserve an account of them for our next number.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

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| C. W., Altoona, Pa. | $1 00 |
| C. M., Philadelphia, per Bro. O'Neill, S.J. | 2 00 |
| Rev. A. J. V., Holland, Wis. | 50 |
| J. R. M., Chicago, Ill. | 1 00 |
| A Promoter, Nesquehoning, Pa. | 1 00 |
| M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. | 5 00 |
| A. G. D., Philadelphia, Pa. | 1 00 |
| Mr. R., O'C., Neb. | $5 75 |
| A Friend, Shreveport, La., in thanksgiving | 1 00 |
| F. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. | 1 00 |
| C. E., Dubuque, Ia. | 3 00 |
| R. C. B., Gesu Centre, Philadelphia, Pa. | 1 00 |
| J. F. C., Madison, N. J., in thanksgiving | 2 00 |

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## NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LOURDES.

*From the Notes of J. M. C.*

Eight o'clock P. M. at the Basilica. The sanctuary a blaze of light, decorations, white lilies and silver foliage. The edifice is crowded with worshippers. Many priests richly vested kneel before the altar. The magnificent osten-

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sorium is brought forth. The choir intone the *O Salutaris Hostia*, then an anthem to our blessed Lady, followed by the solemn *Tantum Ergo*.

After Benediction, the *Te Deum Laudamus* is beautifully rendered by the choir, all present rising to give thanks for the graces received during the year. When it is ended, Père Nogues addresses a few earnest words to the faithful, showing the fitness of the ceremonies just performed and those about to begin. He asks all present to make the sacrifice of a little comfort, a little needful sleep, even on this night, in order to expiate the sins being committed throughout the world, for their own shortcomings, and in order to obtain God's blessing on the coming year. He invites all to descend to the crypt where the Blessed Sacrament is to be exposed all night, and he is obeyed promptly.

It is pleasant to exchange the cold air of the great Basilica for the small and pleasant chapel. It is true that here all is subdued in tone, and there are fewer lights about the tabernacle. The choir singers have retired too, and the faithful who remain are asked to chant the *O Salutaris*. Père Burosse comes to the foot of the altar.

The night prayers begin by the Solemn Act of Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the *Adoremus in Aeternum*, after which, as nine o'clock has just struck, Père Burosse asks some of the laymen to come into the sanctuary and help recite the first Nocturn of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, while the worshippers meditate in silence on the sacred gift of the Holy Eucharist.

The Office ended, the first part of the Rosary is begun, preceded by a short and appropriate meditation on each Mystery and the chanting of the *Ave*, *Ave*, *Ave Maria* after each decade.

At ten o'clock, the aged Père le Toulon takes the place of Père Burosse. Again the *Adoremus in Aeternum* and Act of Reparation are repeated. The second Nocturn is gone through and the second part of the Rosary begun. Long and tenderly does the venerable priest dwell on each sorrowful Mystery, bringing the subject so vividly before his hearers that they are present in fancy at each fearful scene. A verse

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of the *Stabat Mater* is chanted between each decade ; acts of humiliation, contrition, self-accusation and penance follow. All is silent in the little chapel. You could hear a pin drop while the good priest lingered over the sufferings of Jesus and His sorrowful mother. The *Parce Domine* is chanted in reparation for the sins committed on this very night.

Père Nogues replaces Père Toulon and the third Nocturn begins. The subject of each Mystery (of the third part of the Holy Rosary, is indicated, and a special meditation given for each *Hail Mary*. The worshippers kneel for these as in the sorrowful Mysteries. Each *Hail Mary* of the first decade is recited in union with the adoration of each of the heavenly choirs. The second decade is offered in atonement, and each *Hail Mary* for some particular offence against God, etc. The solemn wail of the *Parce Domine* ends this part. The third decade is to obtain the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and each *Hail Mary* is adapted to the needs of the Church in its different orders. It is followed by the *Gloria Patri*, sung by the whole congregation. Then comes Our Lady's Assumption, calling upon all for thanksgiving. Each *Hail Mary* is offered up for some gift mercifully granted us and perhaps not sufficiently acknowledged. The *Magnificat* follows, then the fifth Mystery, telling of Mary's glory, power and motherly love, and each *Hail Mary* is offered to obtain some grace for the opening year. The *Monstra te esse Matrem*, thrice repeated, insures a favorable hearing. The father then bids us remember our departed ones, and a few moments are given in which to recall them all ; then slowly, fervently and with outstretched arms, the six *Paters* of the Blue Scapular are recited, and the *De Profundis* and *Requiem Aeternam* chanted.

Midnight has come. An act of contrition is solemnly pronounced, another act of reparation repeated, followed by the *Parce, Domine*, as the midnight bell rings out the old year and rings in the new.

The first sound that greets the opening ear is the verse *Sit Nomen Domini Benedictum*, repeated three times in thrilling accents by the priest, the worshippers responding *Hoc mane et usque in saeculum*.

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Then the Father begins the *Veni Creator*, reciting the verses alternately with the people. Another silence to recall our wants and the joyous *Ave Maris Stella* breaks forth full of promise. It is followed by the prayer of Madame Elizabeth of France. Then follow unselfish prayers for friends, relatives, benefactors, the sick, the sorrowful, the suffering—all uniting in the *Hail Marys* offered for these intentions; then a prayer to St. Joseph, to our guardian angels and patron saints, and with a glorious *Magnificat* the New Year is fairly begun, and the women are politely requested to leave the crypt free for the men who are to form a Guard of Honor before the Blessed Sacrament till morning.

A midnight visit, or rather a New Year's visit, to the Grotto, and then, with the joyful strains of the beautiful hymn, *O Marie, O Vierge Immaculée*, sung by the children of Mary there before Our Lady's Shrine, ringing in our ears, we wend our way homeward in the early morning hours of the New Year.

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# WORK OF THE MISSIONS.

## A Letter from Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica, W. I., Nov. 30, 1894.

Dear Reverend Father:

The United States cruiser Columbia, of the White Squadron, anchored in this harbor toward the end of last month. On the Saturday after her arrival, Father Collins and I boarded her and invited the Catholic sailors to come to Mass in our church. Through some misunderstanding few of them came. On the following Friday, Bishop Gordon and Father Mulry called on the Captain, who received them kindly and granted leave for Mass on board the cruiser. Father Mulry said Mass and preached on Sunday, the 11th inst. The "blue jackets" presented an address of thanks and a gift of forty dollars in gold; seventeen of the sailors went to Holy Communion.

The sailors' address was thus worded:

U. S. S. Columbia, First Rate,
Off Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 11, 1894.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Roman Catholics of the Columbia's crew we respectfully ask you to kindly accept the enclosed amount as a slight tribute of affection for our holy Church, and for you, its worthy minister.

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We further request that you would dispose of this small amount for your own personal comforts, provided that such disposition is permissible by the rules of your holy Order; otherwise, as you may deem proper for the best interests of the Church.

Regretting that the amount is not large, we trust that our prayers for your success in this life and for that reward in the life to come may supply the deficiency.

And thanking you for according us the ministrations of your sacred office,

We beg to remain your faithful servants,

DAVID O'CONNELL,
JAMES F. MCKENNA.
WILLIAM LEONARD.

Rev. Father Mulry, S.J., Kingston, Ja.

Last Friday the Bishop wrote to the Captain informing him that if it were convenient a Father would go on board for service. The following is the Captain's reply:

U. S. S. COLUMBIA, FIRST RATE,
OFF KINGSTON, JAMAICA, Nov. 23, 1894.

DEAR BISHOP GORDON:

I am in receipt of your note of this date. It will be quite convenient to us to have the service you mention at 10.30 A. M. on Sunday next, 25th inst.

Yours sincerely, G. W. SUMNER.

Bishop Charles Gordon, Kingston.

The Bishop appointed me to say the Mass and preach. I went to the wharf at 10 o'clock. In answer to my signal the steam launch came to take me on board. The officer of the deck handed me over to a Catholic officer, who brought me to a cabin to rest. The berth deck was arranged as a chapel. The harmonium served for an altar, upon which I arranged a portable altar stone, chalice, etc. The altar was beautifully decorated with lace and bunting, while the walls about it were entirely covered with red, white and blue bunting.

Mr. Dunn, one of Father Collins' Guild men served Mass. After Mass I preached on the Gospel of the day. At the close of the sermon the Executive Officer, Mr. Allibone invited me to lunch with the senior officers' mess, and after lunch gave me a chance to see the Catholic sailors.

As soon as I had finished the launch was in waiting to take me ashore. The Bishop and the Jesuit Fathers here desire to express their thanks to the Captain and officers, all of whom, with few exceptions, are non-Catholics, for the kindness extended to them during the stay of the Columbia in Kingston Harbor. The Captain and the Chief Engineer returned the Bishop's visit by calling at our house here on the 17th inst.

Yours in Christ,
P. H. KELLY, S.J.

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## The White Fathers in the Nyanza.

We give a few extracts from an interesting account of the missionary labors of the White Fathers in the Nyanza, Africa. It comes from Mgr. Livinhac, their Superior-General. Their mission of Uganda has been subjected to a series of persecutions. The first came from the demon of Paganism, and resulted in many confessors and martyrs of the faith. The next came from the demon of Mohametanism, and the Christians were attacked, scattered and hunted like wild beasts. The third, more terrible than the preceding ones, was the Protestant persecution. The Catholics were attacked and crushed, and many missionaries were made prisoners. Those Christians who escaped death or slavery took refuge in the Province of Budda. This persecution has had the effect of placing thousands of catechumens, who could not leave their own land, in such a position that it is morally impossible for them to embrace the Catholic religion. But those who settled together in Budda, to the number of more than 40,000, show themselves to be animated with the best possible dispositions.

Father Brard, Superior of the Mission of Our Lady of the Equator, writes: "Far from letting themselves be downcast our Christians are more regular in attending the services, and approach the sacraments more often. Many, indeed, have imposed heroic penance upon themselves to turn away the divine wrath from their afflicted country. Nearly every day some come to us and tell us confidentially of good works suggested by their piety and spirit of mortification. This one has made a promise of certain fasts, that one has promised rosaries, and another to abstain from *mwengé* (banana wine) for a month, if God will deign to grant a cessation of the scourges. They assist at the rosary, which is said every day in common in our chapel. All the chiefs, too, recite it in their villages in public, with their neophytes for the same intention. The number of baptisms is ever increasing—in less than a year I have reached 562."

At Villa Maria, a mission of longer standing and more centrally situated, the triumph of grace has been even greater. Father Streicher, Superior of this district, writes: "Every Sunday, our huge church, built of reeds, is crowded with Christians, many of whom have had to walk for five hours in order to come and be present at the Holy Sacrifice. Nothing stops them; neither torrents of rain, swamps nor anything, and they come thus from afar, to the number of 300 at the least, and assemble around the Holy Table. On ordinary weekdays between 400 and 500 neophytes assist at Mass and the instruction, and about 30 receive Holy Communion. From five in the morning until six in the evening, at whatever moment you go into the chapel, there you may find some Christians in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Some pass whole hours there, with joined hands, and eyes fixed on the Tabernacle. Besides the neophytes, several thousand catechumens have finished their *four years' probation*. About every six weeks 500 should be admitted to baptism. But the missionaries are not sufficiently numerous to prepare so many at a time, in the way in which they should be prepared; so that they have to content themselves with preparing and baptizing them in groups of a hundred at a time. To obtain from God the favor of being among the number of those chosen, the poor cate-

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chumens undertake fastings and pass a considerable time in prayer, at times, before the cross that is erected in front of the missionaries' dwelling. One day Father Streicher, seeing a young man kneeling on the bare earth for many hours asked him: 'What are you about, kneeling thus?'

"'I fear that I shall be put back at baptism,' he answered, 'and I am doing penance that God may take pity on me, and may grant that I may be admitted.'

"When such are the dispositions, we can readily understand the wonderful transformation that takes place in these poor neophytes by the reception of holy Baptism."

Mgr. Hirth writes: "Here, under our very eyes, in the midst of the universal corruption, we have many heroic examples of courage and patience. At King Mwanga's Court there are at the present time more than a hundred woman who endure threats, insults, hunger and beatings rather than abandon the Catholic religion. Yet not one of them is baptized. They are daily tempted to apostatize by some of their companions who have preferred the king's favor to the hopes of eternal joy. In spite of all their sufferings they continue to repeat their catechism, to say their prayers, to kneel when the little bell of the mission rings the Angelus, to baptize the dying, to practise the Way of the Cross, to read the prayers of the Mass for the dead, as well as pious and religious books; for they all know how to read. Almost every day they set aside some small portion of their food—an ear of corn, a few bananas—to send to missionaries as poor as themselves. Mere catechumens, as they are, they practise fastings and other austerities, to beg from heaven the grace of preserverance. For 18 months they have been prisoners, and have not been able to see a priest; but they keep firm, and will, in the end, we feel sure, touch the Heart of God."

The White Fathers here mentioned are members of the Society of African Missionaries. The mission is purely religious. They have absolutely no connection with the "Armed Brothers of the Sahara," though they had a common founder in the famous Cardinal Lavigerie. The "Brothers" were afterwards disbanded by their founder himself. Some of them have reorganized as the "Society of African Pioneers," to relieve and civilize the negroes under the French sway.

## Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

**For the Most Needy Mission.**

C. M., Phila., per Bro. O'Neill, S.J., . . . . . . $ 1 00
Rt. Rev. R. S., Savannah, Ga., 8 00
K. R. H. W., Boston, Mass., Stipends, . . . . . . . . 3 00
L. S., Baltimore, Md., . . . 3 00

**For Mgr. Cazet, Madagascar.**

N. J., . . . . . . . . . . . . $ 2 50
Mrs. D., per Fr. Gache, S.J., Phila., Pa., . . . . . . . 30 00

**For the Destitute Nuns of Italy.**

N J., . . . . . . . . . . . . $2 50

**For the Zambesi Mission.**

N. J., . . . . . . . . . . . . $2 50

**For Mgr. Barthe, Madura.**

N. J., . . . . . . . . . . . . $2 50

**For the Ursulines, Rocky Mts.**

S. M., New York City, . . . $3 00

**For Rev. A. Van der Veldon, St. Labre's Miss., Mont.**

Mrs. H., Phila., per Bro. O'Neill, S.J., . . . . . . $5 00

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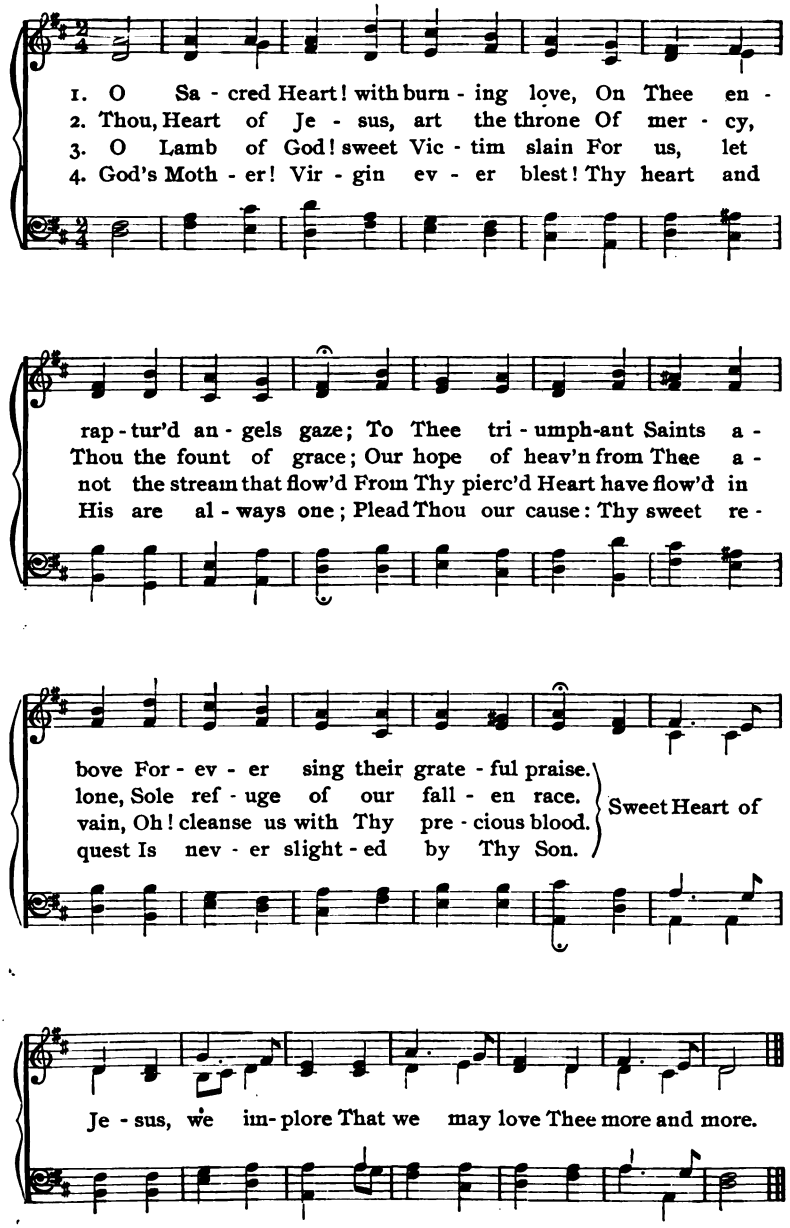
# O Sacred Heart!

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## HEART MUSIC.

BY I. A. M.

LITTLE voice have I to boast of,
And that little is not sweet,
I have tried at times to use it,
But my efforts met defeat.
So I sadly gave up trying,
Choosing silence for my part,
But although my tongue is silent,
I keep singing in my heart.

I keep singing holy anthems,
Heaven's echoes soft and low,
O'er and o'er the words repeating
To the tender strains I know.
Best I love the hymns to Jesus
Bidding grief and care depart,
Thus, although my lips are silent,
I am singing in my heart.

None can hear me save my Jesus,
And He loves my singing well;
Ah, the secret of my music
Sweetest voice can never tell!
None would guess my joyous concerts
As I thread the busy mart—
Do the angels know, I wonder,
I am singing in my heart?



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## IN GENERAL.

IT was impossible for us, in every instance, to acknowledge and return the many Christmas greetings sent us by Directors, Promoters and Associates during the holy Christmas season. We did not, however, fail to make special mementos of our well-wishers at the altar from Christmas to the Epiphany, and it may be pleasing to all our Associates to learn that although we never assume an obligation for our First Friday Masses, we feel that they belong to those who unite with us in our work of prayer and zeal. Accordingly, we strive to unite our intentions each month on that day with those of every Leaguer in our Central Direction.

We cannot insist too frequently on the importance of this close and active union of prayers which is the very life and soul of our work. How real and effective a union it is may be estimated from what actually happened the First Friday in January. Associates will remember that it was the day set apart for Holy Communion for the intentions of our Holy Father, as a New Year's gift, in thanksgiving for his Apostolic Benediction on the occasion of our closing Jubilee celebrations. A special cablegram advised his Holiness of this offering in his behalf and no doubt our own intentions were among his First Friday mementos. Over 2500 priests, who are acting as Directors in the United States, united their Holy Communions at Mass with the Communions of the thousands who approached the Holy Table in nearly every League Centre in the country.

A similar instance of this extensive and effectual union of prayers is the report which we have received from several Centres of the good works, labors, sufferings and prayers offered for the souls in purgatory by members of the League last November. It is incredible how numerous these offerings were, notably in St. John's Centre, St. Louis; in the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia; in the Visitation Convent, Cabanne Place, St. Louis, and in St. Patrick's Cathedral Centre, New York.



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No wonder that the favors granted to all this united prayer verify the promise of our Lord to be in the midst of those who gather together and agree upon anything in His name.

## POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

THE DECADE LEAFLETS for February will wear for the first time a cover, and the four cover pages will henceforth give hints on membership in the League, points of explanation of the mystery and calendar pages of the LEAFLETS, and forms for marking down the good works and intentions of Associates. It should be noted that all this is done without additional expense to our Directors, and we trust it will serve to make the Leaflets more appreciated and more helpful to Promoters in getting Associates to give in their intentions.

We must again remind our Promoters of the duty they owe to Promoters who have departed this life. We cannot mention the names of Associates whose deaths are reported to us; but we shall always recommend by name the soul of any departed Promoter, and even record them in the annual Almanac and Calendar. The list published in our Almanac for 1895 we consider our roll of honor for the past year. The Promoter who is faithful unto the end will surely have the crown promised to perseverance.

What can be done for the dead may be judged by a study of the Eucharistic Cards issued by Mr. Philip Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio. They are not Memorial Cards, to be sent out by the bereaved, but cards of condolence to be sent to the bereaved by friends of the departed. The expression of condolence is so worded that one can promise any form or number of prayers, good works or even Masses in behalf of the soul departed. They are Catholic in the best sense of the word, and as we are apt at any moment to need to condole with the relatives of a departed friend, it would be

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worth while to have a number of these cards always at hand. It is a practice which can be recommended with great fruit to League Associates.

February is a League month in many ways. This year it opens on a First Friday and a Promoters' Patron Day. February 10, is the anniversary of the day on which the Indulgences attached to the Communion of Reparation were granted to Associates of the League. The Tuesday after Septuagesima, February 12, this year, is a day of a special Indulgence to all who practise the Daily Decade. Carnival time also falls in this month, and that is a time for special worship of the Blessed Sacrament in reparation for the outrages heaped upon our Lord in the Eucharist at this and other times.

The blanks issued with our Decade Leaflets and Almanacs are very serviceable for Promoters who make it a point to circulate *Messengers*, PILGRIMS, Almanacs and other League prints among the members of their Bands. Use them and spread them about, even if they will only make known to some that such religious publications are obtainable. Not one of these blanks should go to waste; if one-tenth of them were used, it would mean over 100,000 subscribers to our periodicals. The premiums announced on these blanks are more valuable and also more easy to get than ever before. Premium No. 1, it is stated, will be sent to every subscriber, new or old, subscribing whether through agent, Local Director or *Messenger* club, provided the subscription be sent in advance, or, for old subscribers, as soon as their subscription expires. We thus spare no inducements in order to have our notifications to old subscribers attended to as promptly as possible.

The First Friday practices given in the "Director's Review" in the *Messenger* for January opens up new fields for the zeal of Promoters when making the rounds and distribut-

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ing their Decade Leaflets. If they would only begin by inviting their Associates to try a day of "recollection," it would be a good beginning. Many a conscience will never know peace, until its owner shall have learned to spend a day in quiet reflection and self-study with a view to real self-improvement.

Had we space we should gladly reprint page after page from some of the Reports of League work for the year 1894, which have been kindly sent us by Local Directors during the past month. That of St. Joseph's Centre, in Philadelphia, has a chapter on distributing Catholic literature in hospitals and penitentiaries, and the fruit of the labors of St. Joseph's Promoters is in the number of conversions due to this very literature. The same Promoters do excellent work among the sailors resting at that port, and all in a very simple way. Now that this work has been actively taken up by the priests of New York with the approbation of their Archbishop, Promoters should be among the first to help it forward.

The League Annual Almanac and Year Book of St. Patrick's Cathedral Centre, New York, shows a Report which covers the entire field of active League work. Every Committee has a reason for its existence, and all of them do much active work, not always sufficiently indicated by their titles. A Visitation and Mortuary Committee controls a League Sewing Circle, distributes Memorial Cards of the departed, and attends to the arrangements and newspaper notices of their Requiem Masses. A Temperance, a Purgatorian and a Tract Committee are actively at work, and it is gratifying to note that the published results of their labors prove how zealous these must be.

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## NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

——A letter from Columbia, S. C., announced an approaching solemnity which has, no doubt, been carried out successfully. "On Sunday, December 2," said the writer, "a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart will be unveiled in the

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Catholic church here. Pray that our Divine Lord may bless this congregation and those who work for its spiritual good."

——Another, from a Rev. Local Director, Minden, Neb., reports that the Centre "is making very good progress." Though there are only eight Promoters, the Local Director believes that, considering local circumstances, this is doing remarkably well, "among people who say they have not time to pray. They missed something in their younger days." The hopeful tone of this report gives promise of growth in the Centre, and the Associates will find in the Apostleship of Prayer all that they need to supply what "they missed in their younger days," when they did not know the League.

——A zealous Promoter sends us from So. Omaha, Neb., an account of the unveiling and blessing of a statue of the Sacred Heart, in St. Agnes' Church, on Sunday, Nov. 4. There was a very large gathering to witness the ceremony which "began with an imposing procession of all the Sodalities bearing their respective banners. They passed from the broad corridor into the beautiful church. The recollection and devotion of the people were remarkable, and it was really a solemn moment when the veil fell and we looked, for the first time on the face of our kind and gentle Saviour. Then children's voices filled the church with hymns of praise and love. Father Moriarty explained the significance of the League of the Sacred Heart and fervently commended its practices to its hearers. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed a memorable day, which, we hope, will be a means of promoting the devotion to the Sacred Heart among the members of St. Agnes' parish."

——An active business man, who nevertheless finds time to do the work of an untiring Promoter of the League, writes from Indianapolis, Ind.: "The League is still moving forward at the Sacred Heart Church (Franciscan). Leagne service at Benediction is held every Friday evening. At St. John's the number of Communions on the First Friday is very great, and on every Sunday of the month the number is notably increased. The number of young men who now approach the Holy Table is remarkable. We hope each month you will be able to chronicle such glorious work as is being done in Pittsfield, Mass. Would that its example were followed by every town in the land! However, I dare say none of us can realize the wonderful work the League is doing."—This is reading the *Messenger* to some purpose. A little more of this spirit of holy emulation will help on the League vastly.

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——From Stanley, Daviess county, Ky., we learn that "the League has increased wonderfully here, and all seem to be in earnest. Great numbers come to Holy Communion on every First Friday and First Sunday. The Promoters are earnestly at work."

——From St. Joseph, Mo., a Promoter writes: "We keep the Holy Hour every Thursday, in honor of the Sacred Heart. There are now many Communions on the First Friday; a year ago there were none. On All Souls' day nearly the whole congregation assembled in the church, at 4 o'clock, and spent an hour in silent worship, in honor of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, for the souls in purgatory. That our Sisters' school is well attended and that the children are very good, are blessings we attribute to the League, since the children mark their Intentions and Offerings carefully every month."

——From far-away Wyoming a good Promoter sends an encouraging account of the work of the League in that distant Centre: "Only six years ago we first had a resident priest here at Rock Springs. Then the congregation numbered about thirty souls. Less than one year ago the League of the Sacred Heart was established, about forty-five Associates practising the Third Degree. As a Jubilee offering we devoted the First Friday of December to the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Mass was at 5.30 for the sake of many who work in the mines. In the evening the solemn Act of Consecration was read, two new Promoters receiving the Cross and Diploma. Our Rev. Local Director, Father Delahunty, then spoke on the duties of Promoters and Associates. The day closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the church was crowded."

——An earnest Promoter writes from San José, Cal.: "Our Local Centre is in a very prosperous condition. Within the last two months our Promoters' Council has gained eight new members. It has also formed a sewing-circle, which meets once a week, at the residence of our president, and there all sew for two or three hours for the poor; and the noblest feature in their work is that it is not a recreation taken by young ladies of leisure, but it is cheerfully given after a day's toil by girls who are working hard all day for a living. This work attracted the attention of Miss Ida Benfry, now in New York, who was so much edified by it that she gave a reading for its benefit, and added a good sum to its treasury. This lady is not a Catholic, nor is she the only benefactress we have among those who are not of the true fold; others, too, give us help."

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## PATRONS OF THE MONTH.

Our first Patron for February is St. Ignatius (1st), the third Bishop of Antioch after the Apostle Peter. Like most of the chief pastors of those days he was a martyr for the Faith. When led into the great amphitheatre at Rome, he exclaimed: " I am Christ's wheat, and so let the beasts' teeth be my mill, that I may be ground, and be found to make good bread."

St. Bridget (1st), the Virgin Patroness of Ireland, should be loved and honored by all. She founded the first Irish nunnery at Kildare. Once when she appeared with her companions at a synod, one of the Fathers exclaimed: "There is the holy Mary whom I saw in my dreams." Thenceforth she was called " Another Mary " and "Mary of the Irish," so closely did she resemble our Blessed Lady both interiorly and exteriorly. The daughters of her race should be proud to bear her name.

St. Cornelius (2d) was a Roman centurion and the first Pagan to be converted to the religion of Jesus Christ. An angel appearing to him said: " Thy prayers and thy alms are ascended for a memorial in the sight of God." He was then bidden to send to Joppe for St. Peter, who was to instruct and baptize him and his household.

St. Blase (3d) was Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia. He is a great favorite on account of the help he affords to those who invoke him in all troubles of the throat. He gained this reputation in life by relieving a boy who was at the point of death from a thorn which had become fixed in his throat. Hence the pious custom of blessing throats on St. Blase's day.

St. Jane de Valois (4th) gives an example of heroic virtue in the highest rank in life. She was the daughter and wife of Kings of France. Despising the vanities of the world, when opportunity offered, she forsook all and founded the Order of the Annunciation. The Superioress, according to her wish, bears the title of " Handmaid " in honor of Mary's humility.

St. Titus (6th) was a convert of St. Paul and called by him "his beloved son" according to the common faith. He was the fellow-laborer of the great Apostle in many missions, his



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trusty envoy in settling abuses and recalling back-sliding Christians to their duty. He was consecrated Bishop of Crete by St. Paul who afterwards wrote him an epistle on the duties of a Bishop to his flock.

St. Dorothy (6th) was one of those virgin souls so dear to our Lord. Every effort was made to make her abandon her faith. Tortures had no effect. She was then delivered to two apostate women to influence her to deny Christ. The contrary took place. Again racked, she was radiant with joy. Being asked the cause, she replied: "Because I have brought back two souls to Christ, and because I shall soon be in Heaven rejoicing with the Angels." A stroke of the sword won her crown.

St. Cyril (9th) is worthy of special honor from all who love our Lord. It was he who strenuously defended Mary's privilege of being the Mother of God against the arch-heretic Nestorius at the Council of Ephesus in 431. With this title of our Blessed Lady goes the true doctrine of the Incarnation of the Son of God. If Mary is not Mother of God then is her Son not true God. St. Cyril was Patriarch of Alexandria.

St. Scholastica (10th) was the sister of St. Benedict, and was guided by his holy counsels in all things. She was the foundress of the Benedictine Nuns. There is no more beautiful incident than that of the last meeting between the brother and sister whose discourse was on "the bliss of those who see God in heaven." The very clouds lent their aid to prolong it. Three days later St. Benedict saw the soul of his sister going up in the likeness of a dove into heaven.

St. Agatha (12th) noble, rich, and beautiful, from her infancy served Jesus Christ in holy chastity. For "Christ who alone was her life and her salvation," she endured the cutting off of her breasts, the being rolled naked upon potsherds and other horrible sufferings. In our days on opening the tomb in which her body lies, the skin was found to be still entire and a sweet fragrance was perceived.

St. Catharine de Ricci (13th) is a great Patron of the souls in purgatory. She entered the Third Order of St. Dominic

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when she was only thirteen years old. Very devout to the Passion of Christ, her divine Spouse caused her to share His sufferings and she received the sacred stigmata. When in extreme agony she said, joyfully: "I long to suffer all imaginable pains, that souls may quickly see and praise their Redeemer."

St. Onesimus (16th) is a proof of the transforming power of the grace of God. He was a slave of Philemon, a rich citizen of Colosse. He fled from his master after having robbed him. Having met St. Paul at Rome he became a Christian and was sent back to his former master bearing an epistle. The great apostle pleads for "his son whom he had begotten in his bonds." Philemon is bidden to receive him not as a servant but as a most dear brother, even as though he were St. Paul himself. He afterwards was made Bishop of Ephesus. He was stoned to death at Rome.

St. Simeon (18th) was the son of Cleophas and Mary, one of the companions of our Lady. He was one of those who are called in Scripture the "Brethren of Christ," being in reality His cousin. When St. James the Less, first Bishop of Jerusalem, was put to death by the Jews in the year 62, Simeon was unanimously elected his successor. He vigorourly guarded the truth against the attacks of the heretics. At the advanced age of 120, he suffered crucifixion. He is considered the last survivor of those who had the happiness to see Jesus Christ on earth.

St. Matthias (25th) represents a most important fact—the continuity of the apostolic office. When a vacancy had been made by the awful suicide of the traitor Judas, the lot for the vacant bishopric fell upon our saint. Elected to so high a vocation he made his election sure by his mortification of the flesh and thus he persevered to the end.

St. Margaret of Cortona (26th) teaches by her penitential life the way to atone for one's sinful past. She did penance publicly where she had publicly sinned. She then entered the Order of penance of the Third Order of St. Francis and lived in it a life of heroic mortification. Her body remaining incorrupt after 400 years testifies to the efficacy of her conversion.

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## GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1895.

*Chosen by His Holiness and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.*

### The Increase of Love for Our Neighbor.

THIS Intention follows as a natural consequence from the one chosen by the Holy Father for last month. The love of our neighbor will be in exact proportion to our love of God. In fact these loves are contained the one in the other and hence can never be separated.

"To love one's neighbor for God," says St. Francis de Sales, "is to love God in man or man in God." Hence it is that these two great loves do not constitute two theological virtues but only one. Still more in the two aspects of the same virtue, our Lord, and after Him the apostle of the Sacred Heart, have plainly brought out the doctrine of the necessary resulting of love for our neighbor from any true love for God. "If any man say: I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not? And this commandment we have from God, that he, who loveth God, love also his brother."

What then is the *reason* for this love, of which we have to beg the increase during this month? Every Christian can give the answer. It is that this neighbor is "made to the image and likeness of God;" that he is, at least in possibility, a living member of the mystical body of Jesus Christ; that God loves him and bids us love him; that our Lord has transferred to the least of our brethren the enormous debt we owe Him. "Whatever you do to the least of my brethren you have done it unto me." Nay more, this proof of our charity shall be the cause of a favorable judgment on the last day.

What is the *measure* of this love for our neighbor. It is not only to love our neighbor as ourselves, which would be with intense love, but as we wish to love Jesus Christ Himself, and if that were possible, as much as He has loved us: "Love one another as I have loved you." Christ's love was without measure—the love of a divine Heart.

What are the *means* to advance in this love, which Christ says contains all perfection—"the fulfilling of the law?" We must, first of all, beg of the Sacred Heart, the source of all love, to obtain for us an increase of divine charity; for it is a gift of God. But it is a gift which must be used, not to be kept wrapped up in a napkin, a gift to be used for the Master who gives it.



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